

Waiting for My Cyber Boy

A Play in One Act by Tim Mogford

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**PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
hiStage.com**

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Becky has been talking online with a guy for several weeks now. He's really sweet, so obviously he's not a weirdo or anything. Now she sits on a park bench, anxiously awaiting their first meeting in person. On the other bench sits her friend Trisha, who is there "just in case." Suddenly, someone appears, but it's not the guy. It's Trisha's friend Morgan who's not supposed to know anything. Becky is not pleased, and she's even less pleased when Ethan arrives, apparently to make a final play for Becky before he loses her forever to the mystery man. These are just the first of Becky's problems, however, as the arrival of Allie, Noah, and Josh further complicate what was supposed to be such a romantic, exciting date.

This piece plays on the conflict between online and "real" worlds in a fast-paced, hilarious way. With its quick-fire dialogue and convoluted relationships, the action reflects the effervescence and melodrama of teenage life. Yet by the end, the characters are forced to admit that the "cyber boy" has come to represent something significant about themselves, and in a deliberate comic take on *Waiting for Godot* they join Becky in her impatient vigil.

This play offers an energetic young cast seven strong and comic roles in a piece which will provoke discussion among audiences who are already living large portions of their lives online. The length also makes the play well suited for competitions and one-act festivals.

Running Time: 30 minutes.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(3 m, 4 w)

BECKY: Anxious to meet her cyber boy.

TRISHA: Becky's overly helpful friend.

MORGAN: Trisha's helpful friend who likes Ethan.

ETHAN: Wants to protect Becky.

ALLIE: Writes an advice column.

NOAH: Appears with flowers and flowery lines.

JOSH: Planned to feed the ducks.

SCENE: A park. Current day.

SET REQUIREMENTS: Two benches: one DSR, one DSL.

ORIGINAL PERFORMANCE

"Waiting for my Cyber Boy" was first presented at the Bucks County Playhouse Schools Festival on May 14, 2009, with the following cast:

BECKY: Rebecca Potts

TRISHA: Trisha Frazer

MORGAN: Morgan Agia

ETHAN: Ethan Fritz

ALLIE: Allison Leidy

NOAH: Noah Horst

JOSH: Josh McNeil

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(AT RISE: LIGHTS up. Two benches are revealed, one DSL, one DSR. We are in a park. Saturday afternoon. TRISHA sits at the bench DSL, looking around; BECKY at the other, looking anxious. An awkward pause.)

TRISHA: Becky?

BECKY: What, Trisha?

TRISHA: Which bench is it?

BECKY: This one.

(Pause. TRISHA looks around her.)

TRISHA: Becky?

BECKY: What?

TRISHA: There are lots of benches.

BECKY: Yes, Trisha.

TRISHA: Right. So look – here’s my question.

BECKY: What’s your question, Trisha?

TRISHA: OK. I counted twenty benches around the lake. Why are we sitting at these two? What if he goes to another one?

BECKY: We said the one closest to the entrance. He comes in there *(Gesturing SR.)* and sees a girl sitting on a bench by herself, he’ll know.

TRISHA: Know what?

BECKY: He’ll know it’s me.

TRISHA: Right. OK. *(Pause. Thinks.)* Of course, it could be me, though.

BECKY: Trisha

TRISHA: I’m just saying. I’m a girl, and I’m sitting here by myself. What if he comes to me?

BECKY: He won’t.

TRISHA: Oh. *(Pause.)* Why?

BECKY: He just – *won’t*. There’s like – a thing you give off when you meet someone in this – situation.

TRISHA: *(Concerned.)* What if I’m giving it off?

BECKY: Don't worry, you're not

TRISHA: I'm just saying. I'll try not to, but you got me all worried about it now, and maybe I'll give it off without *meaning* to

BECKY: You won't

TRISHA: I'm just saying

BECKY: (*Sharply.*) You won't – OK?

TRISHA: (*A little hurt.*) I just don't want to – mess it up for you.

BECKY: (*Affected, unwillingly. She looks around, then beckons TRISHA to join her. TRISHA does so.*) OK – look. I think I snapped at you a little bit just then.

TRISHA: I understand. You're under a lot of pressure.

BECKY: Yeah. So – sorry. (*Pause.*) Can you go back to your bench now, then?

TRISHA: Oh. Right, yeah, because if he comes ...

BECKY: *When* he comes ...

TRISHA: You're right – sorry! *When* he comes ...

BECKY: I'll just pretend I don't know you.

TRISHA: (*A little taken aback.*) OK.

BECKY: You understand, right?

TRISHA: No problem. I won't say a word. So if he... (*BECKY looks at her sharply.*) *when* he comes, I should ...

BECKY: Just be there in case.

TRISHA: Oh, I'm *there* for you.

BECKY: Great.

TRISHA: But, I'll keep a low profile.

BECKY: OK.

TRISHA: But, be there, just in case ...

BECKY: Thanks.

TRISHA: In case he's – like a serial killer or something.

BECKY: He's not a serial killer, Trisha. Don't be an idiot ... (*Pause.*) I've known the guy for like *weeks*, you know.

TRISHA: Oh, I know.

BECKY: Sometimes we're online for hours and he's so sweet. Like, *all* the time.

TRISHA: Aw, that's *cute*.

BECKY: So he's not a psycho, or anything.

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TRISHA: Right. Sorry. I mean, all that time - you'd be able to tell.

BECKY: Well, right. You get to really *know* someone in that kind of time.

TRISHA: I'm sure. *(Pause.)* Except, I guess, what he looks like.

BECKY: *(Pause. Rather coldly.)* I *know* what he looks like, Trisha.

TRISHA: Really?

BECKY: If I show you his picture, will you go back to your bench?

TRISHA: Yeah – yeah! Show me, show me! *(Sits down.)*

BECKY: *(Takes a picture from her purse.)* OK.

TRISHA: He's *hot!* That's *him?* Wow – I'm glad I came!

BECKY: Trisha!

TRISHA: *(Getting up.)* I'm *here* for you, Beck ... *(Moves towards her bench. Stops. Turns.)* Can I see it again?

BECKY: Trisha!

TRISHA: Right. Low profile. Just in case. *(SHE returns to her bench. Sits. Pause. Stage whisper.)* Becky!

BECKY: *(SHE is trying to sit in the most attractive way possible.)* What, Trisha?

TRISHA: If you know what he looks like, then he knows what you look like. Right?

BECKY: Not – well, pretty much. Can you stop talking now?

TRISHA: Sure. *(Thinks.)* But – didn't he see your picture? It's on Facebook, right?

BECKY: I ... updated it since I've been talking with him.

TRISHA: But ...

BECKY: It was me on a really good day, OK? Not stressed like today. And you're not helping!

TRISHA: OK – sorry. I'll keep my eyes open. *(Pause.)* I know what he looks like now. *(Pause.)* Really, really *hot.*

BECKY: Trisha!

TRISHA: Sorry.

(Pause. BECKY is still trying to look alluring. As she glances off SL she catches sight of something.)

End of Freeview

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